

Tucked Chiffon Coques.

Automobile Red Petticoats Cut on the Lampshade Pattern, are Also the Very Height of Parisian Fashion.

New York, April 4.—"Do you realize that spring is here and that one of the most important missions in life is to spend hours in the park watching the arrival of the birds and flowers?"

"There, now, Maise," interrupted the hostess, from the depths of a glided cane arm chair, softened with a rosy satin cushion, "don't be a hypocrite, remain your own sweet natural, truthful self and confess you never knew there were any birds or flowers to be seen yet, nor any perk, for that matter, until you put on

at that, for apparently the big rounding turban shaped hats are not going to relax in the tenacity of their hold on public esteem. And now, Pauline, remember this when you go to buy, that the frame of wire a width of plaited chiffon is wound most artistically, coming to an airy mound over the brow and in the top and sides of this beaming cloud, so to speak a cluster of the shaded flowers is planted. My sweet red toque wears a handful of the most natural looking geraniums and then I fasten it on when I assume it, with a pair of hat pins orna-

knees. The bottom of the lining is distended with numerous puffings and narrow pinked frills of silk, the old fashion of the dust ruffle is revived and every thing in short is done to hold out the pleated cloth as much as possible around the feet."

"I am glad to be reassured on that point by you," said the hostess, after counting her stitches carefully. "For I've promised to run out to a country house during the Easter holidays, and that behooves me to get a very little morning suit for the house. I found just what I wanted in periwinkle blue French poplin of a weight as light as muslin and made a pair of princess, but raying out from the waist in a series of stitched down box pleats that came to the foot of a smart cream culotte lace skirt. The waist is wholly of ruffles laid over a very deep cream silk lining and three rows of pearl-like blue lace, over the bust, and their ends meet in front of this lace body and tie in a series of cunning little bows. I must say I am rather pleased with myself in that gown."



THREE PRETTY HATS FOR EASTER MORNING.

that effective new frock you are wearing, in order to walk abroad at the solicitation of your tall blonde best young man. I'll warrant he told you it was a becoming frock, and so it is, too," admitted the hostess, letting her pink wool work, that exactly matched the satin of her great bowl of roses beside her, slip unheeded to the floor, while she leaned back to get a fairer view of the slender young woman standing before her.

With great amiability Maise revolved slowly on her heel, showing her skirt of nickel gray cloth laid all about in a series of plaited held down by tiny round steel buttons, her pointed waist coat of the same material, but with two revers of pale green pompadour brocade, her bolero coat of grey with black velvet decoration of the revers and cuffs and an inner vest of pale green surah with a necktie of cream chiffon.

"I like your hat, too," confessed the hostess, in a friendly tone and regarding the chick little toque of gray grosgrain silk with a bunch of mixed pink and yellow primroses at one side.

"Oh, thank you, kindly replied Maise, cropping a courtesy and then drawing up a chair in order to help herself to fairy-like slices of toast and sniff luxuriously at her ease the blushing countenances of the costly roses.

The Bertha Shape.

"Some people," went on the girl, refusing tea with the flippancy assertion that toast and roses were an ample diet for

ment with weeny baskets in silver set with maracas stones."

Clay Red Cloth Costume.

"Mrs. Back Bay, who has become such a glass of fashion and mould of form, was in here for a bit this afternoon," spoke up the hostess, "giving me a great many valuable points for application to my own needs and incidentally she wore a duck of a white gown. A street costume of clay red cloth and on the skirt three cloth flounces, above which were stitched down the hands of red silk. Under her bolero coat, similarly garnished, a waist of white silk embroidered in little red berries peeped. Her hat had a not a roll of black chiffon and taffeta wound round it, breaking into big rosettes here and there."

Lamp Shade Petticoat.

"Well, I don't know but what her case



Gown of Clay-red Cloth With a Pot-crown Hat.

any woman in such weather, "may not know that my hat is the freshest thing in the garden of chapeaux. This is what is called in the language of the fashionable milliner the Bertha shape, very jerky and impudent, don't you think, for a copy of an ecclesiastical idea, eh? I bought it along with the most ravissante little white chip garnished with white chiffon over pale green, taffeta. To one side sits a cluster of grapes so succulently green, so entirely true to nature that I expect to be followed by flocks of hungry and admiring birds whenever I wear it."

"Rather early in the day for white chips it seems to me," commented the listener, going back to her pink wool and work needle industry.

"Perhaps," was the toast muffled admission, "but there is nothing like skinning the cream of the season. You slow coaches, like Mrs. Van Knickerbocker et al., who wait for the sun to declare his powers and spring to prove her presence in leaves as broad as your hand, are apt to take second best. I went over a good deal of millinery ground today and incidentally fell a victim to the sweetest thing in red. A ripe geranium red and a toque

is touching," admitted Maise. "For if you are not pleased in the skirt now you do feel hopelessly out of it, and I've been peeping into the inside of lots of new skirts at my dressmaker's, and I see that the linings have what they call lamp shade bottoms. That is, from the knees down, the skirt is cut in a big bias flounce and set into the upper part, that its sheath like to within a few inches of the

A Nickel-gray Cloth Costume Trimmed with Buttons and Revers of Pompadour Green Brocade.

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Monica.

A Love Story of Olden By Emily S. Windsor.

Although the little village of Olden was beginning to look bright with the green of early spring, down here by the cove all was gray, sandy, rocky, sky, even the water had the same dreary tint. Not a gleam of other color, except that of the crimson seaweed which the girl sitting on a ledge of rock had wrapped around her.

Laurence Dare, coming along the road which ran along above the beach, saw the patch of red and paused.

"That is Monica," he muttered.

He stood still a few minutes, watching the slender figure leaning back against a high range of rock, the shawl drawn closely around her shoulders, the little black hat pushed back on the dark hair, her gaze fixed on the gray water. At sight of her, Dare's heart had given a great throb of joy. It was so long, so long since he had seen her. He made a few long strides and stood beside her.

"Monica," he said, softly.

The girl turned her head with a quick movement.

"Oh, Laurence."

There was a displeased tone in her voice, and her brows came together in a frown as she regarded him. He put out his hand.

"Are you not going to shake hands with me, Monica? It is so long since I have seen you."

The girl gave him her hand with a reluctant air, withdrawing it quickly from his warm clasp and turning her face again seaward.

After a silence of some moments, which Dare spent in devouring eagerly with his eyes every line of her lovely profile, he began:

"Monica, you are cruel; you have not let me see you once all this long winter. I have been down from the city so often, and tried again and again to see you, but each time that I called you had just gone out. I feel sure that you saw me passing and came away purposely. Last night it was the same thing. But chance has been good to me. I missed my train this morning, and as I have caught you, you had no opportunity to avoid me."

The girl made no answer.

He went on: "Last summer you gave me a faint hope that in time you would return to me. What has happened to me now? Have you not thought of me all these long months?"

She turned around to him, her eyes full of tears.

"I was wrong to let you think you might hope, Laurence, for I can't do as you wish. Don't you understand?"

It seems queer for me to listen to you, Monica, when I was to have been his wife. He was always talking of Cousin Laurence; you seemed Cousin Laurence to me, too. Don't you see? I know, I know, I can't marry you."

"But Allen is not!"

"She interrupted him quickly.

"Eh! We don't know. He must be living."

"Monica," he said, with great gentleness of voice, "think; it is four years; he was to have returned in ten months."

"I must be faithful to him."

Dare flushed. "This is nonsense, Monica," he said, half angrily. "If Allen is living," he went on, "why have we not heard from him all these years? Are you going to waste your life in this little village and give up all chance of happiness for a fanciful idea of being bound to him? And think of me; I have loved you so long. Come to me. I shall love you as much that you must love me in return. Come; I swear that you shall never regret it, Monica."

"Can't Laurence?"

"Will you spoil both of our lives?"

"I must not listen, Laurence. I wish that you did not care for me."

"I can't help caring for you. I think I have loved you since the first day I saw you, and now that you are free—"

"I am not free."

"Monica, listen."

She stood up. "I must not, Laurence. Try to forget me. I am going home; do not come."

And before he could stop her she had darted away.

She went along swiftly until she knew that she was out of view from the cove. Her thoughts were in a whirl. Why should she not yield? She knew that her happiness would be secure with this strong, tender man. How little he guessed her struggle to resist his pleading. He thought she did not care. In the old days she had compared Allen with him, and always to his disadvantage. For after the first glamor of their engagement she had seen the shallowness and selfishness of Allen's nature, and in the close relation into which, through her engagement, she was brought with Allen's cousin, Laurence, she had recognized the strong and noble character of the latter.

And these last years, how the tenderness of his nature had shone out. What care he had given to Allen's desolate mother. He had almost filled the place of her son. Still, at first, her feeling for him had been only a strong admiration. In spite of her recognition of Allen's weak nature, the fascination of his glance and soft voice had held her captive. But now! When Allen had come west on the prospecting tour, which was to occupy ten months, she had promised to be ready to marry him upon his return. But the ten months had passed, and other months had grown into years, and he had not returned. They had had no news of him after that last letter, written seven months from his departure. Laurence had employed every means at his command to find some trace of him, but in vain. He appeared to have vanished utterly. The only reasonable solution of this mystery was that he was dead. His mother believed it, but Monica did not. She could not. She had promised to wait for him; she dared not break that promise. Allen had loved her—she must, she would be faithful. She would not yield to Laurence.

Dare did not again see Monica, although at each visit he made his aunt during the spring he called at the parsonage. But Monica had always been out. The minister and his wife received him most cordially. They would gladly have seen their daughter his wife.

One day in June Monica was returning home from a walk down to the cove. Her way was in the neighborhood of Allen's mother. As it was still early in the afternoon, she decided to go and pay her call. She had not gone to see her often of late, through fear of meeting Laurence.

She felt that she would run no risk of meeting him this afternoon, she having visited his aunt the previous week. On reaching the house she found the hall door open. She knocked lightly, and without waiting for a response, walked into the little parlor, where she

knew Mrs. Dare was in the habit of sitting.

But at the threshold Monica paused, for there stood Laurence by the window with an open letter in his hand. His aunt sat near him, apparently in a state of great excitement.

As she saw Monica she cried out: "He lives, Monica; he lives; my boy lives; my own Allen is living. Come in and hear the letter."

Then fell to weeping and repeating over and over: "My boy is living!" Monica looked from her to Dare in bewilderment. She had turned very white. Laurence went up to her and drew her to a chair. He, too, was pale.

Monica, child, we'll be happy now. Read the letter for her, Laurence."

"My dear aunt, you must try to calm yourself or you will be ill for me."

Monica was puzzled by Dare's evident desire not to read the letter to her. She went over to Mrs. Dare and embraced her.

"Laurence is right; you must try to be calm, dear Mrs. Dare."

"Joy never kills, child. I must cry for pure happiness."

"I shall go home now," said Monica. "Perhaps there is a letter for me."

"Well, child, but come early tomorrow. We'll count the days now till we see my boy."

Laurence had left the room and stood at the entrance door.

"I am coming with you," he said, as Monica came out.

Dare regarded the girl stealthily as they walked along. He marvelled at the unimpassioned manner in which she had received the news of Allen's being alive. She was still very white, and there was a strained look in her face. Not the expression of joy he would have expected to see. She walked rapidly, paying no heed to Dare.

WHAT IS IT, LAWRENCE? YOU ARE HIDING SOMETHING.

"Is it true?" gasped Monica at length.

"Yes," but he did not look at her.

"When?"

"I received the letter this morning, and came down by the first train."

"He is well?"

"Yes."

"Where is he—I don't understand?"

"In California. I was to have been his wife. He was always talking of Cousin Laurence; you seemed Cousin Laurence to me, too. Don't you see? I know, I know, I can't marry you."

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